(A)

POEM

ON THE

Present Assembling

OF THE

PARLIAMENT.

March the 6th. 1678.

BREAK, Sacred *Morn*, on our expecting Isle,
And make our *Albion*'s fullen *Genius* smile;
His Brightest Glories let the Sun Display.
He Rose not with a more important Day
Since *CHARLES* Return'd on his Triumphant way:
Gay as a Bridegroom then our Eyes he drew,
And now seems Wedded to his Realms anew.
Great Senate, haſt, to joyn your Royal Head,
Beſt Councell by the beſt of Monarchs ſwai'd:
Methinks our Fears already are o're-blown,
And on our *Enemies Coaſt* their Terrour thrown.

Darlings of Fame, you *Britiſh Bards* that *wrote*
Of Old, as *warmly* as our Heroes *fought*,
Aid me a bold Advent'rer for the Fame
O'th' *Britiſh State*, and Touch me with your Flame;

A Steep

Steep my rude Quill in your diviner Stream,
And raiſe my Daring Fancy to my Theam.
Give me th' Heroick Wings to Soar as High
As *Icarus* did, I wou'd like *Icarus* Die!

Now I behold the bright Aſſembly Met,
And 'bove the Reſt our Sacred Monarch Set,
Charm'd with the dazling Scene, without a Crime,
My Thoughts reflect on th' *Infancy* of Time,
And wrap me in *Idea's* moſt Sublime.
I think how at the new Creation, Sate
Th' Eternal Monarch in his Heaven's freſh State;
The *Stars* yet wondring at each others *Fires*,
And all the Sons of Glory Rankt in Quires.

Hail, awfull Patriots, *Peers by Birth*, and you
The *Commons*, for high Vertues, *Noble* too!
The Firſt by *Heav'n*, in this Aſſembly plac't,
And by *Heav'ns Voice*, the People's *Votes* the Laſt.

As Various Streams from diſtant Regions fall,
And in the Deep their general Council call;
Conveying thence Supplies to their firſt Source,
And fail not to maintain their rowling Courſe:
Our Senate thus, from every Quarter Call'd,
And in Compleat Aſſembly Here Inſtall'd,
Shall deal their Influence to each Province round,
And in our *Iſle* no Barren Spot be found.

Juſtice

Juſtice as plenteous as our *Thames* ſhall Flow
In Peace the Sailer Steer, and Peaſant Plow.
From Foreign wrongs ſafe ſhall our *Publick* be,
And *Private Rights* from Home Oppreſſours free:
Degrees obſerv'd, Cuſtoms and Laws obey'd,
Dues, leſs through *Force*, than *Fear* of *Scandal*, paid.

Proceed, brave Worthies then, to your Debates;
Nor to Decree alone our Private Fates,
But to Judge Kingdoms and Diſpoſe of *States*.
From You, their Riſe, or Downfall, they aſſume,
Expecting from our *Capitol* their Doom:
You Form their Peace and War, as You approve
They cloſe in Leagues, or to fierce Battele move.

And though the Pride of *France* has ſwell'd ſo high
A Warlike Empire's Forces to Defie,
To cruſh th' United Lands Confed'rate Pow'r,
And ſilence the loud *Belgian Lion's* Roar;
Yet let their Troops in *Silent Triumph* come
From Vanquiſht Fields, and *ſteal* their Trophies Home,
Take care their Cannon at *Juſt Diſtance* Roar,
Nor with too near a *Volley* rouze our *Shore*;
Leſt our diſdaining Iſlanders Advance
With Courage taught *long ſince* to Conquer *France*,
Seizing at Once their Spoils of many a Year,
And Cheaply Win what they oft bought *too Dear*:
Their late Succeſs but juſter *Fear* affords,
For they are now grown Worthy of our Swords.

Howe're

Howe're 'tmuſt be confeſt, the *Gallick Pow'rs*
Can ne're Engage on *Equal Terms* with *Ours*.
In *Nature* we have th' Odds, they Dread, we Scorn,
The *Engliſh* o're the *French* are Conq'rors *Born*.

The Terrour ſtill of our Third EDWARD's Name
Rebukes their Pride, and Damps their tow'ring Fame;
Nor can the Tide of many rouling Years
Waſh the ſtain'd Fields of *Creſſey* and *Poictiers*.
A pointed Horrour ſtrikes their Boſomes ſtill,
When they ſurvey that famous, fatall *Hill*,
Where EDWARD with his Hoſt Spectator ſtood,
And left the *Prince* to make the Conqueſt good.
The *Eagle* thus from her fledg'd Young withdraws,
Truſts em't engage ~~which Troops of Kites and Daws~~
Nor has the black Remembrance left their Breſt
How our Fifth HARRY to their *Paris* preſt,
Whilſt *France* wept Blood for their hot *Dauphin*'s Jeſt.
We forc't their Cavalry their Foot t'ore-run,
As Tides withſtood, bear their own Billows down:
Such was the Virtue of our *Anceſtours*,
And ſuch, on juſt Reſentment, ſhall be *Ours*;
Our Temper'd Valour juſt *Pretence* requires,
As *Flints* are Struck, before they ſhew their *Fires*.

FINIS.